

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

NO. 51

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

B. Kinmen of Portland, Oregon, arrived here on Friday.

John Meyers of San Francisco was a visitor here on Monday.

F. A. Martin of San Francisco was a visitor here on Thursday.

A. J. Lowell of Westport, Mendocino county, was in town this week.

Born—In this city, December 17, 1915, to the wife of John Naughton, a son.

The "Disappointed Bachelors" ball to-night in Metropolitan Hall. Big time.

R. E. Setter was confined to his bed the first part of the week with la grippe.

The South City Pharmacy is having its awning repaired for the rainy weather.

Two new electric chandeliers have been donated to Grace Church and installed.

J. Newman of Oakland, formerly of this city, was a visitor to this city on Thursday.

Mrs. L. E. Melendy of San Mateo, and formerly of this city, was a visitor here on Thursday.

Louis Hammond of San Francisco, formerly of this city, was a local visitor on Thursday.

Dr. Dolley's new house, which is being built on Spruce avenue, near Grand, is nearing completion.

James Myles and Miss M. Kavanagh were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lodge to dinner on Thursday.

J. Leets of this city, who was operated on by Dr. Flanagan a short time ago, is up and doing nicely.

The work of laying concrete on Cypress avenue is completed and on Lux avenue is progressing rapidly.

Mrs. J. Godfrey was taken to the Mary's Help Hospital and operated on by Dr. L. J. Flanagan last Monday.

William Fuchs of Colma, who was operated on by Dr. Dolley a short time ago, returned to his home on Thursday well.

J. W. Potter, who has been laid up for the past week with an infection on the hand, expects to return to work in a few days.

G. Dornberger of Seattle came here last Wednesday. Mr. Dornberger is a construction engineer and will be at the local steel plant.

W. C. Wolff of Seattle, Wash., arrived here on Sunday last. Mr. Wolff will work on the new nine-inch mill at the local steel plant.

Charles Carlson of Portland, Oregon, formerly of this city, returned here on Friday. Mrs. Carlson will work at the steel works.

E. Venturini and E. Ucheli were operated on by Dr. Dolley the first part of the week at the local hospital. Both are getting along nicely.

Everybody attend the first grand ball given by the Jolly Three at Palla Hall on December 25, 1915 (Christmas Day). Dancing from 2 to 12 p. m. Union music. A good time assured

all. Admission, gents 25 cents, ladies complimentary.

On Tuesday night last several garages in the western part of the city were broken into and articles scattered around. There were some tools taken.

Dr. I. W. Keith and wife motored to Santa Clara on Monday and returned with Dr. Keith's aunt, Mrs. D. W. Shaw, who is convalescing from a recent sickness.

There will be a meeting of Volunteer Hose Company No. 1 at the firehouse next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Every member is requested to be present.

The fourth annual grand masque ball given by Hose Company No. 1 on Saturday evening last was a grand success, both socially and financially. Everybody had a good time.

There will be a New Year's ball at Palla Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 1, 1916, given by the Societa Operaia M. S. Union music. Dancing until 11 p. m. Admission, gents 25 cents, ladies free.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Frank N. Noriega attended the farewell luncheon at the Ramona Hotel, San Francisco, given by the California woman's state democratic league to Mrs. Dr. Kate Waller Barrett. The guests of honor were Mayor James Rolph, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. D. J. McMaster (president of the California Club), Mrs. Jean Sinclair, Charles Fay, Senator Burbank and Miss Lila Barrett. Miss Mary Fairbrother, president of the league, presided.

A big birthday surprise dinner and party were given L. A. Nyland, 463 Baden avenue, Sunday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Blom, William Farr, Charles Steele and John F. Dooly. The dinner was great and all enjoyed themselves after dinner with card games and singing. Mr. Dooly and Mr. Steele each sang a solo, Mr. Farr accompanying them on the piano. Mr. and Mrs. Blom sang a duet. All enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr. Nyland requested that we refrain from printing the exact number of candles on the big cake, and said it was the first real birthday he ever had.

Frank La Franchi on last Monday was struck and run over by the service auto truck of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of this city at the corner of Grand and Linden avenues. La Franchi was immediately picked up by the driver of the truck and taken to the South City Pharmacy where first aid was given. He was then removed by Dr. Dolley to his hospital at Grand and Spruce avenues, where it was found he had a bad wound on the head and bruises on the face and hands. It was thought at first that his skull was fractured. At this writing his condition is such that the prospect of his recovery is good.

WAS THIS CITY BURGLARIZED LAST WEDNESDAY NIGHT?

Sensational papers in San Francisco and San Mateo last Thursday published wild and woolly stories that the residences and garages of several of our prominent citizens were broken into by burglars and valuable articles stolen last Wednesday night.

The alleged victims were County Tax Collector A. McSweeney, W. H. Coffinberry, J. O. Snyder, Thomas B. Hickey, W. J. Martin, A. P. Scott and Dr. F. S. Dolley.

The facts are these: It was stated that A. McSweeney was robbed of food from the back porch of his residence and clothing from his garage. Why, the idea. Mr. McSweeney is noted for his generous disposition, and it is not necessary for any one to attempt to rob his home. No one is let go hungry from his door any time of day or night. He acknowledges that some food and clothing were taken and that a street lantern had been left on his back porch.

W. H. Coffinberry's garage was not disturbed.

J. O. Snyder's garage was broken open, but nothing taken.

Thomas L. Hickey had one of his chickens' neck wrung and the dead chicken was left in the yard.

W. J. Martin's garage was broken open and things scattered around. A chisel and file taken. Wine cellar broken into, but Mr. Martin does not know whether anything was taken.

A. P. Scott's garage was broken into, tools scattered around, but nothing taken.

Dr. F. S. Dolley's garage was not visited, so nothing was taken. About six months ago he did lose a set of surgical instruments from his automobile.

Dr. Doak's garage was visited and a coat and vest, which were in the process of fumigation, were taken. Nothing else.

The basement door of R. L. Ebey's residence was broken into and some jars of fruit and two chickens taken and an old coat and a monkey wrench left.

Just mere cases of petty thievery.

But something sensational did occur in this city last night. Two beautiful young women when they proceeded to retire in their room for the night saw what looked like a man lying in their bed. They screamed and, rushing to leave the room, saw what looked like another man sitting on a chair. Then they were horrified and yelled for help. Neighbors were aroused and came to their assistance. The scare was solved when it was found that some yama yama costumes had been stuffed and placed on the bed and chair by some villain or villainess.

The sensational newspapers of San Francisco and San Mateo are welcome to use this thrilling story without credit, as The Enterprise is always happy when the papers boost this orderly and progressive city.

Disappointed Bachelors

The big time to-night.

Young girl wishes to take care of a child and do housework. P. O. Box 432, South San Francisco, Cal. Adv.

Do You Want a Home?

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will build you a house on any lot in South San Francisco, on very easy terms. Select your lot, choose your design and apply at the Company's office, 306 Linden avenue, for full particulars.

GRACE CHURCH

Lord's Day. Fourth Sunday in Advent. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11.

Monday. Entertainment and dance in Guild Hall, given by Grace Church Choral Society for the benefit of the organ fund. Admission 25 cents. A general good time for all.

Tuesday. Evening prayer at 7:45, with a brief address.

Thursday. Children's Christmas festival in Guild Hall, 8 p. m.

Friday, Christmas Eve. Midnight service in loving recognition of the birth of our Savior.

Christmas Day. Christmas services in the church at 10:30 a. m. Special music by the choir.

The Annual Meeting.

Last Thursday evening the Guild Hall was brightened and lightened by a gathering of Grace Church people and some of their friends. A bounteous dinner was served by the women of the guild. W. J. Martin acted as toastmaster in his characteristic and happy way. Toasts were responded to by Mrs. W. J. Martin, who spoke of "Good Times in the History of Grace Church"; Miss Ivy Wilkinson spoke of "Willing Church Workers"; Roscoe Corley talked of the trials and tribulations of a choir master. We had the privilege of the attendance of the Rev. George Maxwell, who mentioned some things about the church's work among boys; Mrs. Cunningham told us of the "Bazaar," and J. W. Coleberd discussed the progress made by Grace Church in the past year.

The following officers were elected: Warden, E. N. Brown; clerk, Fred Cunningham; treasurer, J. W. Coleberd; advisory committee—H. H. Cloyes, Dr. Allan R. Powers, George E. Britton; delegates to Diocesan Convention—J. W. Coleberd, H. H. Cloyes, E. N. Brown, Paul Ayres and William George Meier; delegates to the House of Churchwomen—Mrs. Fred Cunningham, Mrs. George Kiessling, Mrs. H. B. Dunbaugh, Mrs. Paul Ayres, Miss Mary Louise Smith.

Disappointed Bachelors

The big time to-night.

For Sale—Five-room house and lot; price \$750; sold on easy terms. See L. M. Pfuger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing or phone San Bruno 129. Adv.

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Adv.

WILL EAST BAY METROPOLIS BE NAMED BERKELEY?

Oakland, Dec. 16.—As a proof of the interest the projected city and county consolidation measure has aroused on the east side of the bay, the chamber of commerce and commercial club consolidated is being bombarded with suggestions as to the measure, according to Managing Director Joseph E. Caine.

The last to arrive is a suggestion of a name for the consolidation from a citizen of Berkeley, who otherwise conceals his identity. He declares:

"Your name (proposed) of 'Alameda' for eventual big east bay city will never do. Neither will the meaningless less small town name of Oakland. There are about 500 Oaklands in the United States.

"There is just one fitting and proper name and that is Berkeley. Unless that name is agreed upon there are hundreds of Berkeleyans who will fight tooth and nail any efforts made to consolidate with any other community."

CELEBRATION OF FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

On last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. Lodge celebrated their first wedding anniversary at their home on Miller avenue. Mrs. Lodge received many presents. There were games played, stories told and a general good time enjoyed by all those present. Refreshments were served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mortin of Marine View, William Hunt, two daughters, a son and nephew, of Marine View, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cloyes, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wolf, Sam Rosenthal of Chicago, Henry Knoth, J. C. Myles, Fred Myles and William Stinchcomb.

LOCAL REALTY TRANSFERS.

South City Lot Company to Charles E. Kelly—Lots 5 and 7, block G, Peck's Subdivision to South San Francisco.

Ephraim N. Brown and wife to Roy L. Ebey and wife—75 feet on Chestnut avenue by 140 deep, part of Buri Buri Rancho, adjoining South San Francisco Plat.

Bank of South San Francisco

South San Francisco, Cal.



WHAT BECOMES OF
YOUR SMALL CHANGE?

THIS HOME BANK

WILL START YOU SAVING
AND KEEP YOU AT IT

FREE

To Our Savings Depositors
Made to Help People Save

"The sure and straight road
to independence and success
is saving money—and it's the
only one. Don't be mistaken
about it."

4% —INTEREST— 4%
Compounded Semi-Annually

OPEN AN ACCOUNT NOW
AND SEE HOW GOOD IT
WILL LOOK TO YOU THIS
TIME NEXT YEAR



HOT WATER NOT TEPID WATER

If you have a GAS WATER-HEATER installed in your home you are sure to have a supply of HOT WATER whenever you wish it.

It is one of the comforts of life to have HOT WATER when you want it and not TEPID WATER.

The cost of a gas water-heater will more than repay you in comfort and convenience.

If you have never enjoyed one call upon your dealer, or, let us show you our line of GAS WATER-HEATERS.

Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

REDWOOD DISTRICT
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

"The Goose Girl"



The management of the Royal Theatre has provided an unusually attractive program for this week.

On Sunday the two distinguished stage stars, Jane Grey and Lionel Barrymore, will appear in a thrilling story of the rock-bound coast, "The

Flaming Sword," in five acts.

Charles Chaplin will appear Monday in a comedy, "The Rounders."

Henry B. Walthall, the world's greatest motion picture actor, will appear Tuesday in a six-act drama, "Beulah."

On Wednesday the professional try-outs will appear.

Marguerite Clark will appear

Thursday in a five-act Paramount feature, "The Goose Girl."

On Friday the "Neal of the Navy" and "Who Pays" series will be shown. Mary Pickford will appear Christmas Day (Saturday) in one of her latest pictures, "Fanchon the Cricket," in five acts.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

To the Editor of The Enterprise—Sir: President Wilson is asking congress to increase the strength of the United States marine corps by 1500 men, and, in editorial comment on his preparedness plan, it may be interesting for you to know that:

1. The United States marine corps was authorized by the continental congress on November 10, 1775, and therefore has the distinction of being the oldest branch of the service.
2. Lieutenant P. N. O'Bannon of the United States marine corps hoisted the first American flag ever flown over a fortress of the old world, when Derne, a stronghold in Tripoli, was taken by assault on April 27, 1805.
3. The first regulars who entered the fortress of Chapultepec in Mexico City when it was taken by storm on September 13, 1847, were the United States marine under Major Levi Twigg.
4. Under the command of Robert E. Lee, later the commanding general of the Confederate army, the United States marines captured John Brown at Harpers Ferry in 1859.
5. A battalion of marines under Captain John L. Broome occupied New Orleans upon its surrender and hoisted the American flag on the custom house on April 29, 1862.
6. A battalion of marines (646 officers and men) commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Huntington, was the first American force that landed in Cuba in 1898, when it established a base for Sampson's fleet at Guantanamo, holding their position against Spanish regulars who were estimated to number 7000.
7. The United States marines of the U. S. S. Oregon, Captain John T. Myers commanding, were the first American troops to enter Peking just before the Boxer insurrection broke out in 1900.
8. A battalion of marines under Major L. W. T. Waller were the first to enter China after the outbreak.
9. Lieutenant-Colonel Neville's marines were the first ashore at Vera Cruz in April, 1914.
10. The United States marines have carried their colors into action in Tripoli, Egypt, West Africa, the Fiji Islands, Sumatra, Hawaii, Mexico, China, Uruguay, Paraguay, Alaska, Panama, Formosa, Korea, Nicaragua, Cuba, Santo Domingo, and now in Hayti.

Trusting you will find the foregoing information interesting and useful, I am,

Fraternally yours,
L. P. PINKERTON,
Captain, U. S. M. C. (retired), in
charge of bureau.
New York, Dec. 11, 1915.

RED CROSS SEALS.

Your Opportunity to Bring Christmas to Those Who Need Cheer.

The Red Cross Seals have all the significance of the regular Christmas stickers, but that does not begin to tell their story. In addition to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year greeting, the Red Cross Seals typify as nothing else of their kind does the real Christmas spirit of love and sympathy and service for a brotherhood of suffering humanity. They carry a message of helpful interest to forlorn hearts which cannot be directly reached, however much we may be willing. They give expression to the best impulse that comes from the heart of man—that of helpfulness to the unfortunate victims of poverty, misery and distress. They represent a real and potent effort to translate this spirit of helpfulness into efficient service toward alleviating the sorrow and suffering which follow in the train of the Great White Plague. They give joy alike to the heart of the sender and the recipient and help to save the life and happiness of some less fortunate brother beyond the personal reach of either who has already or may become the victim of tuberculosis. And tuberculosis is so largely a communicable sin.

Placed on correspondence, Christmas gifts, pay envelopes, they carry at once a glad message, a cherished hope and a sympathy that cannot be misunderstood.

Grocer (who has lately joined the territorials, practicing in shop)—Right, left, right, left, four paces to the rear, march! (Falls down trapdoor into the cellar.)

Grocer's Wife (anxiously)—Oh, Jim, are you hurt?

Grocer (savagely, but with dignity)—Go 'way, woman. What do you know about war?

A party of tourists were going through a small town, having the time of their lives, laughing and joking. One of them thought she would have some fun, and called to a little girl standing near, "Are there any shows in town?" To which the little girl answered, "Only the one you people are making."

LITTLE SENTIMENT ABOUT AUTOMOBILE

YOU CANNOT STROKE CAR'S NECK OR FEED IT SUGAR LUMPS.

"If you are satisfied to call the horseman a horse lover," says the president of a motor company, "then we might as well admit that there are some things which the horse lover will miss in the automobile. You cannot stroke the automobile's neck or feed it lumps of sugar, for the machine is a matter-of-fact thing; it permits of little sentimentality, but rewards good care with an impartiality that cannot be found in the horse.

Cannot Buy on Trial.

"Another thing that makes the horse owner sometimes a difficult customer is the fact that he cannot buy an automobile on a week's trial, as is done very generally with horses. The very process of buying a motor car is different, for invariably the automobile is sold for so much—no more, no less. The production of the car costs an amount that is figured out with mathematical exactness—hence the fixed selling price.

"The value of the horse, on the other hand, varies with the value at which his progenitor has been held, or becomes subject to the proverbial shrewdness of the horse trader and the obduracy of the prospective customer. A horse, when kept in a livery stable, costs not less than \$20 a month in the smaller communities and much more than that in the larger cities. If you keep your horse yourself, it will be necessary to build a stable, the cost of which, with plumbing and quarters for the groom, seldom is less than \$1000.

Don't Have to Feed Car.

"You don't have to feed and water an automobile three times a day. You don't continually bandage its legs, fill its teeth, tap it for colic, stuff its hoofs and take it around to the blacksmith shop. You wouldn't think of taking a horse out in the morning except he had had his breakfast and his morning grooming; you could not keep him going all day without giving him additional meals.

"It would be impossible for a man to live in the suburbs of one of our large cities and go to his business in the city with a horse and carriage. The automobile makes this an easy task. Without the least effort you start in the morning, and with your arrival at home in the evening and the storing of the machine in your garage, your troubles are over.

Motor Cars Superior.

"There always will be people who use horses," he concluded, "but the custom perpetuates itself for reasons other than the failure of the motor car to demonstrate its many-sided superiority."

WHY ERRORS IN NEWSPAPERS.

Reportorial and Mechanical Work Under Stress.

It is the custom of many to censure the newspapers severely for mistakes that they make. This would not be so common if the critics would consider the vast quantities of matter they print, and the difficulties under which much of their information is obtained.

"Mistakes are made it is true," says the New York Times, one of the most careful of newspapers. "They are inevitable. But with the stress and strain imposed upon the reportorial, editorial and mechanical forces of a newspaper, the never-ending battle against time, the struggle to get at the truth when frequently every channel seems to be closed and every effort made to suppress facts, and with the various processes that must be employed before the fragmentary information gathered by the reporters

is transformed into the published article, the wonder is not that errors are made, but that they are not far more common and consequential in their nature. So much emphasis has been laid on accuracy that the degree of proficiency, under the circumstances that prevail and which cannot be altered, is nothing short of marvelous. It is one of the wonders of a wonderful age."

POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Mails leave Postoffice twenty minutes before trains.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF MAIL.

Mail arrives—	
From the north at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " " ".....	11:58 a. m.
" " south ".....	12:13 p. m.
" " north ".....	2:18 p. m.
" " south ".....	3:41 p. m.
" " north ".....	4:26 p. m.
Mail leaves—	
For the south at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " north ".....	8:04 a. m.
" " south ".....	11:58 a. m.
" " north ".....	12:13 p. m.
" " south ".....	2:18 p. m.
" " north ".....	3:41 p. m.
" " south ".....	4:26 p. m.
" " north ".....	7:03 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

South San Francisco

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

June 15, 1915.

BAY SHORE CUTOFF NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:08 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
7:01 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
7:16 a. m.
7:42 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
8:03 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
8:44 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
9:23 a. m.
9:53 a. m.
11:28 a. m.
1:42 p. m.
3:42 p. m.
5:14 p. m.
5:32 p. m.
7:04 p. m.
7:28 p. m.
8:24 p. m.

(Except Saturday and Sunday)

11:39 p. m.

(Saturday and Sunday)

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:47 a. m.
7:17 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
8:28 a. m.
10:58 a. m.
11:58 a. m.
1:37 p. m.
3:17 p. m.
4:36 p. m.
5:24 p. m.
(Except Sunday)
5:58 p. m.
6:25 p. m.
(Except Sunday)
6:47 p. m.
8:27 p. m.
10:16 p. m.
12:02 p. m.
(Theatre Train)

CITY OFFICIALS

TRUSTEES—G. W. Holston (President), F. A. Cunningham, Geo. H. Wallace, J. H. Kelley, J. C. McGovern, Clerk and Deputy Tax Collector....

Recorder.....W. J. Smith
Treasurer.....E. P. Kauffmann
Attorney.....J. W. Coleherd
Engineer and Supt. of Streets.....George A. Kneese
Recorder.....Wm. Rehberg
Marshal.....H. W. Kneese
Night Watchman.....W. P. Acheson
Health Officer.....Dr. I. W. Keith
BOARD OF HEALTH—E. E. Cunningham, William Hickey, Dr. I. W. Keith, George Kneese (Secretary).
SCHOOL TRUSTEES—C. C. Conrad, E. N. Brown, J. J. Dowd.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....A. McSweeney
District Attorney.....Franklin Swart
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder.....H. O. Heiner
Auditor.....M. Sheehan
Sheriff.....J. J. Shields
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
Coroner.....Dr. W. A. Brooke
Surveyor.....James V. Neuman
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justices of the Peace.....E. C. Johnson
.....John F. Davis
Constables.....Jas. C. Wallace
.....J. H. Parker
Postmaster.....E. E. Cunningham

COTTAGES

FOR SALE OR RENT

APPLY TO

South San Francisco Land & Improvement Co

DO YOU KNOW

That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE---**

USE

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co.
E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

REMEMBER YOUR NEIGHBORS.

We want to make one last plea before Christmas for the business interests of this city and community.

During the next few days you will all be putting the finishing touches to your Christmas shopping, and much money will be passing over some one's counters.

We ask you to remember the home merchant whenever you can do so without actual detriment to yourself. He is your neighbor, your friend, the man who has worked loyally with you to make this town what it is, to build up our schools and our churches and to create all of the other advantages of which we are so proud.

His money has always been ready to help along any laudable enterprise, and his voice and hands have ever been at work in the interest of you and yours, as well as his.

Spend as much of your money in this city, with our own people, as is possible this Christmas.

We are making this last plea in behalf of the business men of this city without their knowledge, and it goes to you without their sanction. We are doing it because we think you are all a just people, and that wherever possible you will spend your money in such a way that it will be of benefit to all of the people as well as yourself.

For this is our home town, and home, you know, will always be just what we make it.

Read the ads in this issue of the paper. They will guide you on the road to safe and economical buying for all of your holiday needs.

THOUGHTS OF CHRISTMAS.

A merry Christmas to you!

Many more merry Christmases, too!

And may they be even more than merry!

Wonder what the new year will have in store for this city?

We can make it a prosperous year if we get together and pull together. Let's get and let's pull.

What a glorious thing it would be if 1916 could find this city without a knocker, and with every one a booster. And it could, if you would.

We've said it so many times it confronts us in our dreams, but we are hurling it at you again. "Do your Christmas shopping now, and do it in this city."

We hope every person in this city and this whole community will be eating turkey on Christmas Day. Some may not care for turkey as well as for a good fat chicken, but we hope they'll clean up a turkey just the same. We have come to look upon Christmas as a national turkey day, and we don't know of anything in the feed line that makes the average fellow feel quite so good as the knowledge that he is leaving the picked bones of a fine large turkey behind him. So here's hoping the turkey graces your own table.

And if there is a single person hereabouts who is not in a position to buy a turkey, aren't there enough of us to see that one finds its way to their door just the same?

Disappointed Bachelors

The big time to-night.

Miss A. Vandenbos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Advt.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

The county board of supervisors met in Redwood City last Monday in regular session.

The auditor's report, showing the aggregate amount of allowance that can be made against the several funds of the county for the month of December, 1915, was read and ordered filed.

Judge George H. Buck was authorized to purchase three sets of book-cases for his office, on motion of Supervisor Casey, seconded by Supervisor MacBain.

Tax Collector A. McSweeney appeared before the board and asked permission to purchase a letter filing case for his office. The request was granted on motion of Supervisor Casey, seconded by Supervisor MacBain, the cost of said case not to exceed the sum of \$45.

Surveyor J. V. Neuman presented a map of the Edwards subdivision in the first township. The map was approved on motion of Supervisor Casey, seconded by Supervisor MacBain.

Bids were opened for the construction of a four-inch water-bound macadam pavement on the Mission road, to connect Holy Cross cemetery with the state highway. The Colma Construction Company submitted the only bid for the work, which was \$2211.50.

It was moved by Supervisor Casey, seconded by Supervisor Brown, that the contract be awarded to the above firm.

Supervisor MacBain opposed granting the contract, stating that he did not believe it advisable to expend the money in macadamizing the road now, when it would be necessary to construct a new road the full width next year.

After considerable discussion in the matter, during which Supervisor Casey made a strong plea for the letting of the contract, stating that his constituents demanded that the work be done and the road was an absolute necessity, it was ordered on an amendment offered by Supervisor Brown and seconded by Supervisor MacBain, that action in the matter be deferred one week, Supervisor Casey voting no.

J. F. Sheehan, representing Foster & Kleiser, advertisers of San Francisco, appeared before the board in reference to advertising the county in San Francisco by means of illuminated signs on Market street, the cost of said advertising to be \$3000 a year. The board took no action in the matter, but the members expressed themselves as not being favorable to the proposition.

On motion of Supervisor MacBain, seconded by Supervisor Casey, the board voted to take a two-page representation for San Mateo county in California's Magazine, which is getting out a handsome and exclusive deluxe edition on art in California and the Panama Pacific International Ex-

position. The representation, which is in the nature of pictures and publicity write-up, is to cost \$100 a page.

ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The pastor will preach a Christmas sermon on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, to which all are cordially invited.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.
Preaching service, 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.
Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Preaching, 11 a. m.
Junior League, Tuesday, 3:30 p. m.
Miss Crowhall, M. E. deaconess, superintendent.

W. P. FULLER PAINT CO. FACTORY NOTES

On Wednesday, December 22d, during the lunch period, the W. P. Fuller Company cafeteria will serve a turkey dinner to its employees at 20 cents each. The dinner will be served free to all women employees.

Preparations for stock taking are in full swing at the factory. Monday next is the day set for the final count. The year 1915 has been the most prosperous of any preceding it.

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, December 19th:

Sunday—Lionel Barrymore in "The Flaming Sword."
Monday—Charles Chaplin in "The Rounders."
Tuesday—Henry B. Walthall in "Beulah."
Wednesday—Professional tryouts.
Thursday—Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl."
Friday—"Who Pays" and "Neal of the Navy" series.
Saturday—Mary Pickford in "Fanchon the Cricket."

San Mateo County BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Assets - - \$360,104.32

Loans made on the Monthly Definite Contract Plan, paying in from 5 to 12 years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity. No premiums or unnecessary expense.
H. W. SCHABERG, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

FOR SALE

Four-room house, electric lights, bath and gas, plastered, papered, newly painted; on paved street; lot 50x140. A bargain if sold at once. See JOHN F. MAGER Sales Agent Land Company.

A Few Suggestions for Christmas Shoppers

FOR LADIES

Handkerchiefs in holiday boxes.....25c to \$2.00 a box
Notaseme Rose, holiday boxes, 4 pair in box, guaranteed.....\$1.00
Leather Handbags.....\$1.00 to \$3.00
Toilet Sets.....\$1.50 to \$6.50
Manicure Sets.....75c to \$4.00
Slippers.....\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
Sweaters, G. & M. (all colors).....\$2.50 to \$6.50
Sweaters, special value.....\$5.00
Table Cloth and Napkins to match.....\$1.00 to \$6.00 set

FOR GENTLEMEN

Handkerchiefs, holiday boxes.....25c to \$1.50
Notaseme Sox, holiday boxes, 4 pair in box, guaranteed.....\$1.00
Four-in-Hand Ties, holiday boxes.....25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00
Combination Sets, holiday boxes.....50c to \$1.00
Fancy Arm Bands, holiday boxes.....25c and 50c
Holeproof Sox, holiday boxes, 6 pair in box, guaranteed.....\$1.50
Suspenders, holiday boxes.....25c to \$1.00
Slippers.....\$1.25 and \$1.50
Bath Robes.....\$3.50

FOR CHILDREN

For children we have a large assortment of toys of all kinds too numerous to mention. Books, Games, Toy Planes, Stoves, Dishes, Dolls, Drums, Tool Chests, Model Builders, Erectors, Coasters, Wagons, Doll Buggies and other articles at city prices.

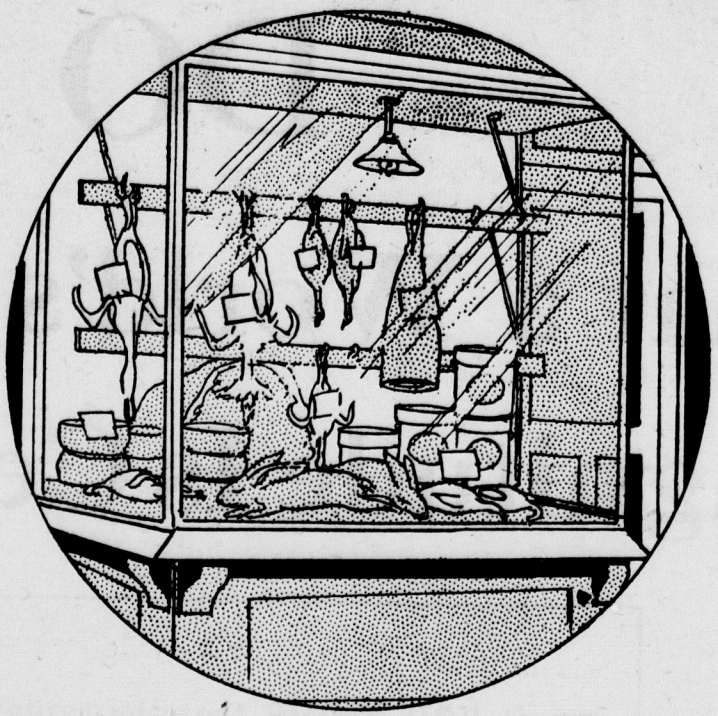
WE GIVE AMERICAN TRADING STAMPS

W. C. SCHNEIDER

227 Grand Avenue South San Francisco

All Kinds of Fowl In Season

FROM FOREST and FIELD



BIRDS OF GAMY FLAVOR

YOU will smack your lips at the sight of the tender poultry and rabbits with which we can supply you.

How about a fine plump duck, or tender chicken for roasting or broiling? Sounds good, eh?

LIND'S MARKET

Shop Open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. (closed on Sunday)

First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

THE HUB

CHAS. GUIDI, Prop.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

We have holiday gifts for sale in our store of every description for men, women and children. Buy at home. Call and see them.

313-315 GRAND AVENUE

South San Francisco

Linden Hotel

208 Linden Avenue

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

MRS. H. J. VANDENBOS

JUST ARRIVED

A Complete Stock of

L. A. CROSSETT AND W. B. DOUGLAS SHOES

Standard Price Goods

Dowd's Shoe Store

BURLINGAME UNDERTAKING CO.

F. C. WYCKOFF, Prop.

1207 Burlingame Avenue, Burlingame, Cal.
Day or night Telephone 1251. Lady attendant. Automobile equipment.

GEO. W. SCHNEIDER & CO.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers (Deputy Coroner)
Parlors 15 Ellsworth Ave., San Mateo, Cal. Telephone 797.

Curis Bros.

Dealers in Staple Groceries, Fine Fruit and Vegetables
IMPORTED OLIVE OIL
Fresh Fruit Daily Quick Delivery
243 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

If You Want GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from

THE GREAT ABATTOIR AT SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County - - - Cal.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO UNDERTAKING CO.

530 Grand Avenue

Neil Doyle and Wellar A. Stead

(Deputy Coroner)

LOCAL UNDERTAKERS

Phone South San Francisco 219

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.
W. W. McDonald, Master.
H. F. Mingleford, Secretary.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
Martin Hyland, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
M. C. Ferron, Secretary.

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. M., meets in Metropolitan Hall every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
Henry Veit, Secretary.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.
Chas. Mercks, Chief Ranger.
Aug. Eliasson, Secretary.

South San Francisco Lodge, No. 850, The Fraternal Brotherhood, meets every second and fourth Mondays in Lodge Hall.
Dora Harder, President.
Clara Broner, Secretary.

San Mateo Lodge, No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' P. and B. A., meets every first and third Monday in the Lodge Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Peter Lind, President.
J. E. Sullivan, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Phone Main 122W

IVAN W. KEITH, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office Hours: 2 to 4, 6:30 to 8 p. m.
403 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

J. W. COLEBERD

ATTORNEY AT LAW

South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

DR. J. C. MCGOVERN

DENTIST

Office: Kauffmann Building

South San Francisco, San Mateo Co., Cal.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

General Hospital

Cor. Grand and Spruce Avenues

Phone 115W South San Francisco, Cal.

YOU Can Add NEW BUSINESS to Your PRESENT BUSINESS by JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

MAIL ALL YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN GOOD SEASON

The local postoffice has issued a set of instructions and advice for Christmas gift makers using the mails, intended to help them make sure that their Christmas presents reach the recipients on time and in good condition.

The local office expects this year's package mail to exceed last year's, which was the largest in its history, and is making its preparations to get the outgoing mail off without delay and to distribute the incoming flood without permitting it to accumulate.

Postmaster Cunningham says he realizes that patrons are vitally interested in having parcels delivered on or before Christmas Day, and every effort will be made to accomplish this. However, as the timeliness of gifts depends upon their being received on or before Christmas Day, patrons are advised and urged to make early mailings to insure this. The practice of mailing packages late in the hope that they will reach their destination on Christmas Day is likely to defeat its own object through unavoidable delay due to the consequent congestion of the mails.

All parcels should be well wrapped to insure their safe carriage; articles of a fragile nature should be well protected by packing in a crate or box sufficiently strong to withstand the ordinary handling of mail; all fragile articles should be marked "Fragile."

Parcels May Be Insured.

Parcels containing articles of value should be insured. The rates charged for insurance are as follows:

Up to actual value not exceeding \$5, 3 cents; \$25, 5 cents, \$50, 10 cents; \$100, 25 cents.

If a return receipt signed by the addressee is desired by the sender of an insured parcel, he should indorse on the address side of the parcel the words "Return receipt desired." There is no additional charge for return receipts.

Get Tags and Rates in Advance.

Patrons intending to mail parcels during the coming holiday period should call at the postoffice in advance for information as to rates of postage to the different points to which they expect to send them and, if they desire to insure parcels, obtain the necessary insurance tags, which should be completely filled out and attached to the parcels when they are presented for mailing. This will be a great assistance during the busy season and avoid a congestion at the mailing windows. The following simple conditions should be carefully observed:

Instructions for Mailing.

Prepay postage fully on all parcels. Address parcels fully and plainly. Place name and address of sender on all matter.

Pack articles carefully and wrap them securely, but do not seal them, as sealed parcels are subject to postage at the letter rate.

Mail parcels early; they may be marked "Do not open until Christmas."

Insure valuable parcels.

Written inscriptions such as "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," "With best wishes," and numbers, names or letters for purposes of description, are permissible additions to fourth-class (parcel post) mail. Books may bear simple dedicatory inscriptions not of a personal nature. Other written additions subject parcels to letter postage.

Communications prepaid at the letter rate may be sent with parcels prepaid at fourth-class rate, provided they are placed in envelopes securely attached to the outside of parcels.

Stickers on Back of Letters.

Adhesive seals and stickers, other than lawful postage stamps, should not be placed on the address side of mail matter, but may be placed on the back thereof, provided that in the case of parcels or matter other than first class they should be so affixed as to not seal the package or close it against inspection.

Disappointed Bachelors
The big time to-night.

NEW ELECTION PRECINCTS FOR SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

The San Mateo county board of supervisors has adopted ordinance No. 276, providing for dividing this county into seventy-four election precincts and establishing the boundaries thereof.

This city's precincts have been increased to four, and their boundaries are as follows:

Section 69.

South San Francisco Precinct No. 1 shall contain all that territory of San Mateo county included within the following described lines, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the city limits of South San Francisco, said point being where the northeasterly line of the main county road intersects the southwesterly extension of the center line of Magnolia avenue, thence northeasterly along said southwesterly extension of the center line of Magnolia avenue and continuing northeasterly along the center line of Magnolia avenue and its extension northeasterly to the northerly limits of the city of South San Francisco, thence in a general southwesterly direction along the northerly and northwesterly limits of South San Francisco to the most westerly corner thereof, thence southeasterly along the southwesterly limits of South San Francisco to the point of beginning.

Section 70.

South San Francisco Precinct No. 2 shall contain all that territory of San Mateo county included within the following described lines, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the city limits of South San Francisco, said point being where the northeasterly line of the main county road intersects the southwesterly extension of the center line of Magnolia avenue, thence northeasterly along said southwesterly extension of the center line of Magnolia avenue and continuing northeasterly along the center line of Magnolia avenue and its extension northeasterly to the northerly limits of the city of South San Francisco, thence southeasterly along said city limits to the westerly line of Peck's Subdivision, thence southerly along the westerly line of Peck's Subdivision to the center line of Armour avenue, thence northwesterly along the center line of Armour avenue to the center line of Maple avenue, thence southwesterly along the center line of Maple avenue and its extension southwesterly to the southerly limits of South San Francisco, thence in a general westerly direction to the point of beginning.

Section 71.

South San Francisco Precinct No. 3 shall contain all that territory of San Mateo county included within the following described lines, to-wit:

Beginning at a point where the center line of Armour avenue intersects the center line of Maple avenue, thence southwesterly along the center line of Maple avenue and its extension southwesterly to the southerly limits of the city of South San Francisco, thence in a general easterly direction along said southerly city limits to the center line of the right of way of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company (Bay Shore cutoff), thence northeasterly along the center line of said right of way to the junction with the center line of the right of way of the branch line of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which runs westerly along Railroad avenue, thence northerly along the center line of the last mentioned right of way to the center line of Cypress avenue, thence northeasterly along the center line of Cypress avenue to the center line of Armour avenue, thence northwesterly along the center line of Armour avenue to the point of beginning.

Section 72.

South San Francisco Precinct No. 4 shall contain all that territory of San Mateo county included within the following described lines, to-wit:

Beginning at the point where the westerly line of Peck's Subdivision intersects the northerly limits of the city of South San Francisco, thence southeasterly, northeasterly and easterly along the northerly limits of the city of South San Francisco to the northeast corner thereof, thence southeasterly to the southeast corner thereof, thence westerly, northwesterly and southwesterly along the southerly limits thereof to the center line of the right of way of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company (Bay Shore cutoff), thence northeasterly along the center line of said right of way to its junction with the center line

PROVISION MADE FOR PARTY NAME

Los Angeles County to Have Blanks for Statement of Political Faith.

Los Angeles, Dec. 16.—Blanks for the registration of voters should provide for a statement of party affiliation, according to an opinion rendered late to-day by J. J. Hill, county counsel to the county board of supervisors, and Owen McAleer, registrar of voters. The opinion holds that amended sections of the political code, while not requiring registration of party affiliations, do not prohibit such requirements.

County Counsel Hill informed the county officials that the question probably would be taken before the state supreme court. Should the court decide that party affiliation was necessary, the opinion said, many voters failing to state any affiliation would be required to re-register.

On the other hand, it was held, if the registration blanks provide for a statement of political faith, a court decision making such a statement unnecessary would not invalidate such registrations.

of the right of way of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company which runs westerly along Railroad avenue, thence northerly along the center line of the last mentioned right of way to the center line of Cypress avenue, thence northeasterly along the center line of Cypress avenue to the center line of Armour avenue, thence northwesterly along the center line of Armour avenue to the westerly line of the Peck's Subdivision extended southerly, thence northerly along said southerly extension and along the westerly line of Peck's Subdivision to the point of beginning, saving and excepting therefrom:

Beginning at a point on the dividing line between sections 22 and 23, township 3 south, range 5 west, M. D. M., said point being 150 feet north of the granite monument set 10 chains north of section corner common to sections 22, 23, 26 and 27, township 3 south, range 5 west, and running thence northwesterly to a point that is distant south 84 degrees 58 minutes west 760.33 feet from the granite monument which is set for the most northerly corner of the lands of Western Meat Company, thence north 37 degrees 47 minutes east 1201.07 feet; thence north 61 degrees 13 minutes east 242.2 feet to the line of the right of way of the Selby Smelting and Lead Company; thence easterly along said southerly line of said right of way to the dividing line between sections 22 and 23, township 3 south, range 5 west; thence north to a point that is distant 50 feet from the shore line of the San Francisco bay; thence easterly and southerly to a point that is due west of the southwest corner of tide lot No. 27, section 14, township 3 south, range 5 west; thence due east to the dividing line between the counties of San Mateo and Alameda; then southerly along said dividing line to a point that is due east of the point where the easterly boundary of tide lot No. 10 of section 23 intersects the shore line of the San Francisco bay; thence due west to a point that is 50 feet westerly at right angles to the southerly line of the right of way of the smelter railroad; thence easterly and southerly along the line distant 50 feet from and parallel to the said southerly line of the right of way of the railroad to a point that is due east from the point of beginning; thence due west to the point of beginning.

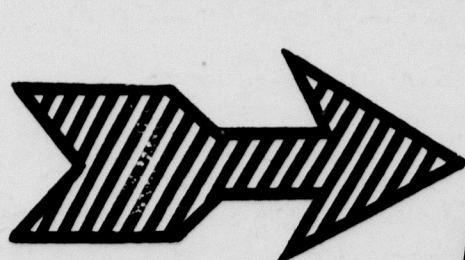
LETTER LIST.

List of letters uncalled for in the postoffice at South San Francisco, December 11, 1915:

Domestic—Loughley, Carl; Pardini, Carlo (2); Ross, Miss Artrusa.

Foreign—Celotti, Guiseppe.

E. E. Cunningham, Postmaster.



CANDIES AND CIGARS

CANDIES and soda | not glucose. Just the
water of pure fruit | thing for gifts. Try a

flavor here.
No chemical imitations of what it should be.

We use real oranges and real lemons, etc., and our ice cream has the same highly desired quality. Our candies are made of sugar,

SWEET THINGS FOR A SWEET TOOTH
PENINSULA DRUG CO.

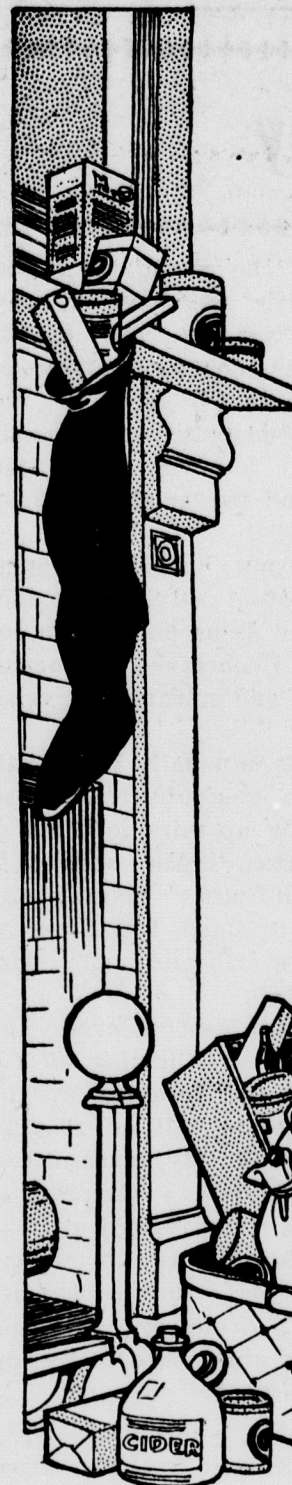
Drugs and Stationery

onstrated that we are
to be depended on.

South San Francisco



surprise for your "best girl" with a pound or two of our mixed chocolates. We carry a large line of cigars and tobacco. We have dem-



Let Us Fill the Cook's Christmas Stocking

YOUR CHRISTMAS
DINNER WILL BE
THE BEST EVER

Try our cranberries, oranges, grapefruit, Malaga grapes, lemons, olive oil, cheese, canned goods and fancy groceries.

The very best
coffees and teas.



J. CARMODY
Fancy Groceries and General Merchandise

PAINTS AND OILS

315-317 Linden Avenue, South San Francisco



Stop Paying Your Landlord's Xmas Xpenses

The rent you pay each month is making the landlord rich. You can take your monthly rentals and buy your own cozy home. Why not look into this? What have you to show for the past ten years' rent money? Nothing! Don't do the same for ten more years. Write or telephone us to-day for prices and terms of our new one and two family houses. You'll be the gainer.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & CO.

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Postoffice Building

South San Francisco



STOP leaks in pipes at once. They may grow larger, and they never grow smaller. Many a fine wall or ceiling or carpet or floor has been ruined by neglect of little leaks. We are experts at mending leaky pipes or defective plumbing apparatus. Telephone here when in trouble. You will find us ready.

Prompt Action Saves Money For You

W. L. HICKEY

Sanitary Plumbing and Gasfitting

379 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

CIGAR STAND

MANUEL MONIZE, Prop.

First-class brands of CIGARS and TOBACCOS always on hand. 222 1/2 Grand avenue.

For Sale—Good old papers, 15 cents per hundred. Apply this office. Advt.

Expert Hair Cutting, Hot
Baths, Razors Honed

—AT—

METROPOLITAN BARBER SHOP

The Lost Baby

The name of our little one was Marguerite, but we called her little Pearl, Philip and I. She was our first baby, the daintiest, dearest little thing that you ever set eyes on, cheeks like half-blown rosebuds, hair like rings of sunshine, and eyes as blue as the depths of a June sky. Darling little Pearl, how we loved her! We had been married just a year and a half when Philip caught the western fever.

I loved my husband with an intensity bordering on idolatry, and when he told me of his intention of leaving our beautiful cottage and seek our fortune in the far west, it was a terrible blow to me. We had lived at Rosedale ever since our marriage, and I could see no reason why we should not continue to live there. Truly, the place belonged to my uncle, but then it would be ours at his death, and why should Philip chafe and fret so under a foolish sense of dependency? We had everything, elegant rooms, flowers, birds, pleasure grounds, and servants enough to keep our hands from anything like labor, and uncle gave it all ungrudgingly; still my husband not content.

"I can't live this life, Belle," he said; "I wasn't made for it. My work awaits me somewhere in the world, and I must hunt it up. My little ones won't respect their father, by and by, if he is nothing more than a drone in the hive of life."

I was vexed and angry at first, and said a great many things that were unwise and unwomanly, but Philip pursued the even tenor of his way—all patience and forbearance. Our preparations were soon made, the few things we held most precious were packed up, and bidding adieu to our southern home we started westward.

The excitement of the journey, together with my husband's constant tenderness and encouragement, reconciled me in a measure to the change in my life; and when we reached our little western cottage, my impulsive nature, always rushing to one extremity or the other, carried me into an ecstasy of delight and anticipation, even beyond anything my steadfast husband exhibited. He seemed greatly relieved to see me growing so thoroughly contented, and we began our new life bravely.

The cottage was comfortable enough, but bare and humble in comparison to what we had hitherto been accustomed, the square, whitewashed rooms had a dreadfully forlorn look, and the little kitchen with its one staring window, the cooking stove standing in the middle of the floor, filled me with shuddering disgust every time I entered it. But I had made up my mind to endure all and everything, and as I have said, we began our new life bravely.

For the first two or three months I had help, not very efficient help truly, but far better than none. Philip entered at once upon the practice of law, and as his office was some distance from home he did not return until evening, so we had no great amount of cooking to do, and between us we managed to keep the cottage tidy and to take care of little Pearl.

Every afternoon we went to meet him, taking little Pearl, through the grand and gorgeous prairies, and as soon as his happy eyes caught sight of us he would hasten forward with fond embraces and approving words.

"Ah, Belle," he would say, "I believe I am the happiest man in the universe, and you are growing contented, too, dear—I can see it in your bright face."

The glory of autumn faded, and the chill November rains set in, bringing dreary, sunless days and changing the gorgeous prairie bloom into endless leagues of sodden gray. My girl left me, and little Pearl grew cross and fretful in her teething. In addition to his law business, Philip had gone into farming, and we had two or three laborers to feed and lodge, which greatly increased the household work. Under this accumulation of trials my patience began to give way. I worked late and early, but I grew morose and fretful, and never had a pleasant word for my husband. But he never complained.

"Poor Belle," he would say, "poor overworked little wife, be as brave as you can—better days will come by and by. Just as soon as I can get off from my business I'll go to the city and obtain permanent help. In the meantime don't fret the roses from your cheeks and the brightness from your eyes."

But despite my husband's loving words and constant help, for he took one-half of the household labor on his own hands, I continued to murmur at my fate, and one morning the crisis came.

Breakfast was unusually late, little Pearl cross to absolute fretfulness, the sick laborer upstairs in need of constant attention, Philip obliged to leave early, and after coaxing and hushing Pearl to sleep, I laid her in her dainty little crib and went about my morning work.

I felt wronged and injured, and while I worked away, dusting off the soot and ashes and scraping up the mud, the hot tears fell so fast as almost to blind me. My husband had been cruel, heartless, I thought, to take me from a home where all was beauty and pleasure, and bring me to this dreadful place to wear my life out in hateful drudgery. I would sooner be in my grave than to live on so from year to year.

In the midst of this despair, I heard the sick man calling from above, and hurried to him. His fever was rising again, he needed cooling draughts and ice-cloths to his head. I went to work to prepare them with nervous haste, for the morning was slipping by and the noon meal must be in readiness for the farmhands. In the midst of my work and hurry, little Pearl's sharp, imperative cry came piping from below. What should I do? I had just spent half an hour lulling her to sleep, and here she was on my hands again.

"I won't go down," I cried in real anger. "She may have her cry out. Oh, dear! I wish I had no baby!"

But the instant the unwomanly wish had passed my lips, I repented of having uttered it. No baby, no little Pearl! The bare thought filled me with shuddering terror. Hurriedly administering the sick man's potion, I hastened down, eager to compensate for my unmotherly words by fond caresses.

There stood the little cradle in its accustomed place, the dainty lace coverlid thrown back, the pillow still damp and warm from the impress of the curly head, but Pearl was gone!

For an instant I stood dumb-breathless; then, in frantic foolishness, I searched the rooms, the yard, calling the child's name as if she could hear and answer me. And then, at last, a happy thought broke like sunlight over me. My husband had been home and stolen away the child to tease me. I set about preparing the dinner, looking every moment to see him come in. In a little while the noon bell rang, bringing the laborers from the clearing. I hurried out to meet them.

"Where is Mr. Weston?" I questioned, with my heart in my mouth. "Haven't seen him, ma'am, since this morning."

"Not seen him? Yu surely have; he's got my baby."

But the men shook their heads, and catching up my shawl I hurried off in the direction of the office.

Half a mile from the cottage I met him on his way home.

"Why, Belle," he cried, catching my arm, and looking down in consternation at my dragged garments and muddy feet, "where are you going? What is the matter?"

"Oh, Philip, the baby, little Pearl; what have you done with her?"

"Done with little Pearl? Are you going mad, Belle? Tell me what you mean?"

"She's gone—little Pearl's gone. I came downstairs and found her cradle empty, and I was sure you had her."

He stood silent a moment, his face growing white and stern as death; then he said, solemnly:

"No, Belle, I haven't seen the child. I haven't been home since morning."

He started on before me, with long,

rapid strides, into the cottage, and ran up to the little cradle, as if to satisfy his own eyes. Then he turned back to the yard, and began to examine the tracks in the mud around the doorway. The farmhands were examining them also.

"Moccasin tracks, boss," said one old man, significantly pointing to an indenture in the yielding soil. "Injuns, I guess."

My husband's face grew a shade whiter.

"Yes," he responded, "that's it; come, my lads, we haven't a moment to lose."

He started off, followed by the laborers, but a few rods from the house he turned back.

"Poor Belle," he said, putting his arms around me, "this is terrible for you, but you must be strong and hope for the best. The Indians have passed here, and it was they, no doubt, who stole the baby. We must try to intercept them before they cross the river; we may not be back to-night; you had better go over to Mr. Delevan's and stay till we return."

But I did not go. I went into the lonely cottage and fell on my knees beside the little empty crib. God had given me my wish; I had no baby. Ah, me, the self-torture, the bitterness of those long, long hours can never be described.

Morning dawned at last, lurid and misty, a red sun struggling up through ragged billows of gray fog. About 10 my husband and his party returned, weary, haggard and hopeless. They had followed the Indians all night, but when, at last, they came up with them, far beyond the river, they could gain no tidings of the child. And all our after efforts were equally unsuccessful. We offered rewards and instituted every means of inquiry, but in vain. My little Pearl was gone! I had no baby!

There was ample time for leisure now; no peevish cries, no little baby wants to occupy me! But I who had hated labor, fled to it now as my sole refuge and comfort. The only ease I found was in constant action. My husband worked, too, but his life seemed to have lost its impelling force, its happiest inspiration.

Years went by, and not content with my simple household duties I took charge of a neighboring school—later I aided my husband in his office. My mind expanded, my ideas enlarged. I was no longer an indolent, helpless repiner, but a strong, self-relying, laboring woman, a true helpmate for my husband. Success crowned our united efforts, wealth and renown flowed in upon us, my husband was elected judge, and spoken of for congress—but we were childless, for no more babies came.

Ten years after our removal to the west, we received intelligence of my uncle's death, and being his only heirs, we went down at once to attend to the settlement of his estates. Returning homeward, we made a tour of Niagara and the principal northern cities.

One September night found us in New York, and at the opera. The house was unusually gay, the music divine, but through all the glamour and perfume of gorgeous toilets, amid the wailing of the music and the triumphant strains of the singers, I sat unconscious, almost indifferent, the old yearning in my heart roused up to strange and sudden intensity. Only one thought possessed me, and that was of my lost baby, little Pearl. I seemed to be living over that terrible morning and long, long night again, and my soul cried out for my child with a longing that would not be silenced. Yet in the gay house and exquisite music there was nothing suggestive of her short, sweet life; why, then, did she seem so near to me? What was it that thrilled and shook me so?

The opera over, we started for our hotel. At one of the crossings the carriage stopped.

"Nothing but a strap broke loose, all right in a moment, sir," said the driver, in answer to my husband's inquiry.

I leaned out while he was arranging it, looking over the silent city, and up into the solemn summer night. The sky was blue and cloudless, the stars mellow and misty, and a full moon hung like a golden jewel in the far west. My eyes filled with tears, and an inexpressible yearning filled my soul.

"Where is my baby—where is little

Pearl to-night?" I murmured.

"Please, madame, just one penny."

The slender, childish voice, mellow and sweet as the note of a blackbird, startled me out of my reverie, and, looking down, I saw a tiny figure and an appealing baby face below in the misty moonlight.

"Please, madam, I never begged before, but grandma is so sick, and she's eat nothing since yesterday."

Just then the driver sprang to his box and the carriage whirled off again, leaving the little thing far behind, but I caught at my husband's arm in breathless eagerness.

"Philip," I entreated, "stop the carriage. I must see that child."

He glanced back hesitatingly, and there the little thing stood in the moonlight, just as we had left her.

"I must, Philip," I repeated, "don't deny me."

And my husband bade the driver turn back, which he did with a muttered imprecation.

"Now, my little girl," I said, leaning out and extending my arm, "come here and tell me how I can help you."

"Grandma is sick," she replied, coming close up to the wheels, and raising her soft blue eyes to my face, "and so hungry, and I never begged before, madam!"

"And where does your grandma live, dear?"

"Right down this street, in that row of tenements."

"Take her up, Philip; we must look into this case."

My husband obeyed, and the driver, being promised double pay, turned down toward the tenements. I seated the little girl beside me, and took her hand in mine. The bare touch of her slender fingers made the very blood in my heart thrill, and I wanted to clasp her in my arms and cover her poor, wan little face with kisses, with a longing that was absolutely painful.

"How pretty she is," I said, smoothing back the golden tangled hair that shaded her white forehead and sweet blue eyes.

"She looks like a frightened bird," said my husband, smiling. "What will you do with her, Belle?"

"Keep her forever, if I can," I replied, with a feeling of intense happiness at my heart.

Just then we reached the tenements.

"That's grandma's room," said the child, pointing upward to a window in which a dim light was burning.

We left the carriage and followed her up a long flight of stairs, and into bare, humble room. On the rude couch lay an old woman, her strong, worn face wearing that pallor which never knows a change.

"Grandma," cried the child, running to the bedside, "here's a good, nice lady come, and she'll give you some tea, and you'll get well now."

The old woman turned her head, her eager eyes fastening themselves upon us.

"Thank God!" she murmured. "I thought I should die and leave her alone."

"What can we do for you, madam?" I asked, bending over her.

"Nothing for me, I'm past help; it's the child I want looked after."

"Woman," she said, solemnly, "listen to me. I'm dying—in a few hours I shall be in the other world—I could drink o' drop of wine, but nothing else."

My husband procured it in a few moments, and after drinking it she seemed somewhat revived.

"Now," she said, "while I'm strong enough, let me speak about the child—when I'm gone she won't have a friend in the world—you look like a rich woman, would you—"

"I'll take her and be a mother to her," I interrupted, eagerly.

"Come round here and let me see your face."

I obeyed, bending down to the dying eyes that searched my face so keenly. After a moment she drew a deep breath.

"Yes," she said, "I can trust you; your face is good and honest—God has sent you—come here, little Rose—this is your new mother; you must love her and be a good child when I'm gone."

I held out my arms, and the little thing nestled close to my bosom, looking up into my face with wondering eyes.

"I will be good to her," I said, "as God hears me, I will."

"I believe you, and now I can die

in peace. I should a' been dead long ago, but for leavin' the child—that kept me back. She ain't a friend in the world, and she's no flesh and blood o' mine. Ten years ago, my old man was alive, and runnin' a flat-boat on a western river. We fell in with a party of Injuns. They had a white baby with 'em, the prettiest, daintiest little thing I ever set eyes on. I had jest lost my own baby, and I couldn't bear to see them carry the poor little thing away, so I persuaded my old man to buy it. They were glad enough to sell, so I took the child and raised her as my own. I meant to hunt up its folks, and I named it after my own baby. I had a great likin' for the little creature, I couldn't bear to give her up—but I was sorry enough after my old man died and we come to want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe you may hear of her people some day, madam."

"Let us see the clothes," gasped my husband, his face as white as death.

"Look in the box and get 'em, Rose."

The child obeyed, bringing a small bundle carefully wrapped up. I unfolded it with trembling hands, and then as my eyes fell upon the embroidered frock, the little crimson sack and the dainty blue shoes, my own baby's clothes, for the first time in my life I dropped down in a dead faint.

When consciousness returned, I found my husband bending over me with a radiant face, and little Rose, my own little Pearl, closely clasped in his arms.

"Found at last, Belle," he murmured, tremulously; "God be thanked, we are not childless now."

CULTIVATE JUDGMENT.

Its Possession Is What Makes a Man Successful in Business.

It was one of the intellectual shocks of my young manhood to discover that an analytical chemist could often get only \$50 a month. I had long looked with awe upon the accurate percentages and detailed reports of the analytical chemist. This water contains 2.341 grains of such and such substance per gallon. I wondered at the marvelous man who could get out such fine results, and to learn that he at times gets but \$50 a month was a shock.

The explanation is this. The chemical analysis of ordinary specimens is a technical process of a perfectly definite character. If a work is definite and therefore capable of being reduced to clear-cut instructions the pay that it commands is not likely to be high, even though the work itself is complicated. It requires good memory and painstaking obedience to instructions. Many persons have these qualities. The scarce attribute is judgment, that indefinable quality capable of meeting a new situation and handling it with common sense or gumption, to put it in a homely term.

Judgment is indefinite. We cannot lay out instructions in advance to tell the manager how to meet situations. To buy good raw material he must learn to know the raw materials, and many of the tests he applies are too fine for words to reduce to instructions. He must decide for indefinite reasons that now is a good time to enlarge or retrench; that he is a good place to open up business; that now is a good time to buy or to run low on stock; that this man needs to be hired; that this man needs to be fired.

It is in the making of decisions that successful management lies. And most of these decisions are beyond rule. There are judgments.

Mrs. Donnell had a new maid who appeared at the door of the library one afternoon where her mistress was reading.

"There's no coal, mum," said the domestic, "an' th' fires are goin' out."

"No coal!" cried the mistress, in surprise. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum," replied the girl, "when there was coal."

While crossing a city street a farmer happened to see a sign, "Cast Iron Sinks." He looked at it a moment and then said: "Any fool knows that."

ELSIE'S TRUNK

Mr. Ralph Sunfold was smoking his cigar before the kitchen fire. He always went into the kitchen to smoke his cigar of a winter evening. He said it was to save the snowy curtains of his Aunt Phedra's parlor, but in her secret heart Aunt Phedra believed that it was to enjoy the light and warmth of the huge open fire. And really Aunt Phedra's kitchen was a cozier and more comfortable place than most parlors, with its red and black striped rag carpet, its tall clock in the corner, and yellow washed walls all festooned with shining tin, and the big, cushioned chair in the corner.

He was smoking his cigar, as we said before, and Aunt Phedra was industriously picking yellow leaves off the fish geranium in the window.

"Yes," said Aunt Phedra, "she's coming back, or she wouldn't have sent her trunk."

"No," said Mr. Sunfold, "I presume not."

"And I'm heartily sorry," added the lady.

Mr. Sunfold knocked the ashes off the tip of his cigar, replaced on the fire-dogs a log that had rolled off, and asked, in a rather low tone:

"Why?"

"Because you are determined to marry her."

"And why shouldn't I marry her, Aunt Phedra?"

Aunt Phedra wheeled around to face her nephew.

"Because she is a heartless little flirt," said she. "And I'm sorry I ever adopted her and brought her here to break the hearts of half the young men in the country."

Mr. Sunfold laughed.

"Let them take care of their own hearts," said he. "That is no business of mine. It is enough that she loves me, and me only."

"I am not sure of that," said Aunt Phedra, with a spice of feminine malice; "she is a regular coquette, Elsie Bennett is, and she may jilt you as well as another."

"In that, Aunt Phedra," said the young man slowly, "I am sure that you are mistaken."

"I am only repeating what people say," retorted the old lady. "However, that's neither here nor there. She told me to open the trunk as soon as it came, and get out the black silk dress pattern, and send it to the dressmaker. 'I think,' added Phedra added incidentally, 'that a black silk dress for a girl of Elsie's narrow means is simply a piece of extravagance. Yes, Ralph, I know what you are going to say—if a girl teaches school and earns her own money, she has a right to spend it as she pleases.' But that doesn't alter the common sense of the matter. And she never sent the key."

"Then you can't open it," said her nephew.

"Unless," said Aunt Phedra, producing a prodigious bunch of different sized keys—"unless one of these happens to fit it. I borrowed them from Luke Smith's wife, whose husband used to be in the locksmith business. I wish, Ralph, you'd come into the next room and try it. I am so afraid of breaking the lock."

"Certainly," said Ralph, and he followed the old lady with alacrity into the adjoining apartment, where a battered trunk stood against the wall, like a leviathan in repose. If he couldn't see Elsie's pretty dimpled self, to be able to do something for her was the next best thing.

"She must have been dreadful hard on her new trunk," sighed Aunt Phedra.

"Baggage smashers," suggested her nephew. "One can't travel without having one's things torn to pieces. Where are your keys, Aunt Phedra?"

He knelt before the trunk, the old lady standing solicitously by, as one key after another was tested, without any apparent success.

"I'm afraid we shall have to give it up," said Ralph. "Stop! There is one more on the ring. Eureka! We have it—the very thing!"

"Well, I declare!" said Aunt Phedra, as the young man lifted the heavy lid, and balanced it against the wall. "If that wasn't sheer good luck? Now for the black silk dress pattern and trimmings. Eh—what? A gentle-

man's photograph—two of them! A box of cigarettes! I do hope Elsie hasn't got the nasty habit of smoking, like those dreadful Cuban ladies one read about, a red silk smoking cap and a pair of Turkish slippers—"

"Stop, Aunt Phedra!" said Mr. Sunfold, who had grown very pale. "We have no right further to pry into another person's belongings."

Aunt Phedra turned upon him like an enraged lioness.

"She wrote me to look into her things, and I'm looking. And I'm glad I looked; for as sure as you live, Ralph Sunfold, Elsie Bennett, my adopted daughter, has got married on the sly, and these are her husband's things, packed in among hers!"

"But that is impossible," said straightforward Ralph Sunfold; "she is engaged to me!"

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph!" cried the old lady, bursting into the slow, agonizing tears of old age, as she let her hand fall on her nephew's shoulder; "don't think any more of her, she's a jilt—a heartless coquette! Oh, my boy! my boy! she never was good enough for you!"

Mr. Sunfold turned silently away. He would have pledged his life for the truth and purity of little Elsie Bennett; but what did these mute witnesses mean—the testimony of the laughing, handsome photographs with the silky mustaches and the dark, audacious eyes?

"What are you doing, Aunt Phedra?" he asked, his attention attracted by her quick, nervous motions.

"Shutting up the trunk," said that lady, brusquely. "I'll send it back to her at once. I'll not have such brazen-faced doings in my house."

"No, Aunt Phedra," said Ralph, resolutely; "if either of us leaves the house it must be me. Elsie has a right to the shelter of your roof. She is your adopted daughter—"

"From this moment," said the old lady, sharply, "she is nothing more to me."

A dark cloud had come over the soft starlight of the autumn night, and the sad wind moaned among the yellow leaves that had drifted along the roadside; and Mr. Sunfold, sitting sadly by the fire, felt as if his whole life were darkened over and changed. His aunt sat opposite to him, knitting away mechanically, with compressed lips and ominously grave visage, and neither spoke.

Sweet and sprightly, a laugh sounded on the frosty silence outside, a merry footstep tripped up the three stone steps, and, like a zephyr of pure, fresh air, in fluttered Elsie Bennett herself—Elsie, with cheeks painted the softest carmine by the brush of the great frost artist, brown tresses escaping from under the brim of her black straw hat, and eyes sparkling like blue jewels.

"I thought I should take you by surprise," said Elsie, looking triumphantly around. "One of the school trustees is dead, and we've got a vacation until Monday; so I took the first train, and here I am. But, dear me, what is the matter?" as, for the first time, she perceived the inscrutable change in the faces of Ralph Sunfold and Aunt Phedra. "Is anybody sick? Has anything happened?"

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie!" said the old lady; "how can you stand there looking us in the face so calmly?"

"Why shouldn't I, Aunt Phedra?" said the girl, glancing from Ralph to the old lady, and then back again.

Sunfold stepped forward and took her hand.

"Aunt Phedra," said he, "I would pledge my existence on her truth and sincerity."

"But I don't understand you," said Elsie; "I don't know why—"

At this moment there was a resounding tattoo on the door.

"Who's that?" cried Aunt Phedra, who had worked herself into a state of nervous excitement so great that the appearance of a flying dragon on the scene would scarcely have been beyond her expectations.

Mr. Sunfold went to the door. There, in a flapping felt hat and a dingy bottle-green suit, stood the individual who combined the three professions of stage driver, expressman and mail carrier to the village

of Brixbury. He might at one time have possessed a last name, but no one appeared to know what it was, and he was universally known as "Simeon."

"I've made a mistake," said Simeon, taking off his hat to scratch his head. "I left young Squire Tulip's trunk here this morning and sent the young lady's to Tulip Hall. And here it is in the wagon, if you'll just lent a hand to get it out."

"My trunk at Tulip Hall!" cried Miss Elsie.

"Squire Tulip's trunk here!" shrieked Aunt Phedra. "Then that accounts for the cigarettes, and the smoking cap, and the—" Then she gasped, clutching nervously at her nephew's sleeve: "And oh, goodness, Ralph! we've been and broken into a strange man's trunk! Do you suppose they'll arrest me for burglary or petty larceny?"

But Mr. Sunfold only laughed—his heart was so light that he could have laughed at anything now; and as he helped old Simeon bring the neat, zinc-covered trunk in, he glanced merrily at his aunt.

"I don't believe we shall find any contraband goods here, Aunt Phedra," said he.

"But what are you talking about?" said Elsie.

And while Aunt Phedra was getting tea, Ralph told the little school-marm all.

"Tea is ready," said the old lady, presently, putting her lavender-ribbed cap into the room.

"Stop a minute, Aunt Phedra," said the young man. "Before we go to tea, I want you to give your consent—formally, mind—to our marriage."

"Yes, yes," said the old lady; "I consent."

"With all your heart?" mischievously demanded little Elsie.

"Yes, with all my heart," said Aunt Phedra. And she looked as if she really meant it.

"Because," said Aunt Phedra to herself, "I have done her injustice in my heart."

PESTS OF THE TROPICS.

Insects Whose Bite Is Like the Touch of Redhot Iron.

The pestiferous insects that infest the region tributary to the headwaters of the Amazon make life miserable for any one who may venture into the region. Commander H. A. Edwards of the Bolivia-Brazil boundary commission declares that there is no escaping them and that you are always scratching or slapping your body, except when you are under your mosquito net—and even then if you are not asleep.

In camp ants are a continual nuisance. They eat your clothes, gnaw the softer parts of your boots and ravage the food. Many kinds bite savagely. One kind, which the natives call the itashi, lives in palosantos or help posts—trees that they hollow out themselves. Their bite is like the touch of a redhot iron, and if one inadvertently leans against a palosanto the little red demons swarm out upon him instantly, and so bite him that for an hour afterward his life is almost unbearable.

Most dreaded of all are the tucanderas—back ants with bodies one and a half inches long, that live in the forks of trees, but that often invade your tent. They bite very hard and probably inject some sort of poison into their victims, for the part bitten swells and pains excruciatingly. The sauba or leaf-carrying ants, black ants that make broad, straight roads of their own and move about in armies with scouts and flanking parties; gray ants that live in mounds of red earth six feet high, yellow ants that dwell in rotten wood—all make the traveler unwelcome, either by damaging his belongings or by inflicting pain on his person.

Mosquitoes, the bite of which is not only painful and irritating, but imparts malaria and yellow fever; various phlebotomous flies that inject the germs of what is called three-day fever; wasps of all kinds; bees of all sizes; hornets as large as the smaller hummingbirds; the matoucha and the tabana, a sort of mangrove fly with a taste for bloodsucking—each and every one of them does its share toward making the life of the explorer in those regions almost unbearable.

There are flies that lay their eggs in your flesh or in your clothes.

Where there is any sort of grass you cannot guard against the attack of the muquim, a microscopic tick, whose sojourn on your body causes a most tantalizing itch that you can alleviate only by sponging your body night and morning with alcohol. And in many places the pium, a small black fly that looks like a speck of dust, drives you half crazy by its bite. Although those regions are a paradise for the entomologist, the ordinary traveler will hardly regard them in that light.

CZAR REED'S EARLY DAYS.

His Life in the Navy and His Tribute to Its Officers.

It is not generally known that Thomas Brackett Reed served in the United States navy, but he told in a speech his own story of his naval experience, and his photograph as a young man in naval costume taken in 1864 is one of the priceless relics of the family.

"The navy means to me far different things from what it does to many here. To the distinguished admiral (Steedman) who sits beside me and to the distinguished admiral (Jenkins) who sits opposite it means the shriek of shot and shell, the horrors of the blockade. To me it meant no roaring wind, no shriek of shot and shell, but level water and the most delightful time of my life, for I was on a gunboat on the Mississippi river after the valor and courage of you gentlemen had driven the enemy off. * * * You see, I kept a grocery store for the government and well remember how I was tumbled aboard ship the first day with the provisions and stores and a set of books, and the boat steamed up the magnificent defiles of the Tennessee. * * *

But I also suffered for my country. How well I remember the fatal day when I drew \$5000 from the bank. The first time I counted the bills there was only \$4800. The next time it came out \$5200. I sweltered over it in the bank that hot August day, but it never would come out two times alike. Then in utter despair I bundled it up, took it aboard, locked myself in my office and there in grim despair wrestled with it alone. And, lo and behold, there was just \$5000—just what the bank clerk told me there was!

"It was a delightful life—thirteen hundred dollars a year and one ration and nothing to do. My sad heart hath often panted for it since. However, I learned that my country could support me, and I am bound to say it has faithfully done so ever since. What a charming life that was, that dear old life in the navy! I knew all the regulations, and the rest of them didn't. I had all my rights and most of theirs. * * *

"Do you wonder that I stand up for the navy? I want it increased, and I have solid reason for it. It means something to me.

"Mr. Commander and companions, I have made this speech to you in the lightest vein because I have no right to use any other. The brave faces that I see before me have been bared to the shock of battle and storm. You have seen on a hundred battlefields the living and the dead. It would be a shame for me to talk seriously of service to men like you. This button, insignia of the order you wear because you honor it. I wear it because it honors me."

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.

Peter Decker, Plaintiff, vs. Anna Decker, Defendant.

No. 5734. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, and the complaint filed in said County of San Mateo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Kenneth M. Green, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Anna Decker, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, and answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within said county, if served elsewhere within thirty days.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1915.

[Seal] JOS. H. NASH, Clerk.
By K. L. BURKE, Deputy Clerk.
10-9-10t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.

Bruno Pellegrini, Plaintiff, vs. Dionigio Catellani, Marsilio Catellani, Fortunato Catellani, and Angelo Catellani, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, and the complaint filed in said County of San Mateo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

H. M. Anthony, Attorney for Plaintiff. The People of the State of California send greeting to Dionigio Catellani, Marsilio Catellani, Fortunato Catellani, and Angelo Catellani, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, and answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within said county, if served elsewhere within thirty days.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1915.

[Seal] JOS. H. NASH, Clerk.
By E. L. Falvey, Deputy Clerk.
11-20-10t

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FRATERNAL ORDERS

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

Not a multitude, but just a large crowd of San Franciscans and San Mateo county charity-loving citizens gathered together at Metropolitan Hall last Tuesday evening and enjoyed good singing, the best of music and lots of fun-making.

Among the esteemed visitors present were the Hon. J. P. Murphy, high chief ranger, northern California, his wife and sister, and our old friend, High Secretary E. N. Cameron and wife.

Mr. Murphy opened the program with an address, speaking of the good and charitable work being done all over the world, especially in the good old U. S. A., by this great society.

All proceeds from this entertainment were given to the widows and orphans' happiness fund on the Pacific coast—clothing for warmth, toys for happiness, and everything that goes with it toward making Christmas a reality for the unfortunate, whose sorrows will be forgotten and who will bless the giver.

The giver who thinks about the poor and unhappy ones, knows that this year the sorrows will be greatly diminished and the ranks of the happy families increased.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, wishes to thank each and everybody who contributed and made a success of this worthy cause, and to Professor Berto much praise belongs for the orchestra furnished for this occasion. The selections for the sketches and dance were highly appreciated by all.

The Christmas tree that will be given by Court Violet on Tuesday, December 28th, will be a public affair and one to gladden the hearts of the old and young. Family presents will be distributed by a real Santa Claus to your children.

The committee earnestly asks the co-operation of you in this undertaking and will gladly take care of the widows, orphans or of those in need in South San Francisco. We who are more fortunate than they will have the pleasure of making this Christmas a happy and joyous time for them.

Tuesday evening will see the making of several Companions and Foresters. The dispensation closes on January 1st. Class initiation first Tuesday in January. All worthy able-bodied persons invited to join.

Impd. O. R. M.

(By Harry Edwards.)

The following ideas taken from various foreign papers are worth considering; may even be practiced to advantage:

Do it yourself is the best password.

Set the example of putting your own shoulder to the wheel.

From the humblest in the ranks the worker often springs.

Every man should stand erect and not be held erect by others.

Live so in the valley that you need not fear those who live on the hill.

It is not your posterity but your good deeds that will perpetuate your memory.

If you cannot praise, try not to spoil a good name.

The best of our life's work is that which procures the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

The young men think that old men are fools. The old men know young men to be such.

Socrates has said that nature has given us two eyes, two ears, two ears and one tongue, so that we may see and hear more than we speak.—The Insignia.

* * *

The following is an address of Fred O. Downes at the grave of David Kennison, last surviving member of the Boston Tea Party, buried in Lincoln Park, Chicago:

One hundred and forty-two years ago occurred an event that changed the destinies of the races of earth.

Man has ever been the creature of organized society.

For ages he has loyally and willingly bowed to the edicts of recognized government.

Among primitive peoples the authority of the majority in power and in numbers has been undisputed.

The tribes of Israel listening to the recital of the law engraven by God

upon the tablets of stone and given to the people of Moses loyally followed the chosen leaders and abided by the written law.

The aboriginal Red Men of North America in humble submission to primal inspiration followed the advice of their old men and the lead of their sachems.

That the law and the rule have not in every instance advanced the common cause has not in the past, if they came from recognized authority, been deemed sufficient reason for questioning and setting at defiance the authority of organized government.

Even oppression has been accepted under these conditions.

And to-day we find, even in an enlightened age, instances of this primitive loyalty and submission to the will of rule.

From the hosts of Alexander to the legions of Caesar and Napoleon, a span of centuries, and even to-day, we find masses of men engaged in wars of oppression at the call of the leader and with no thought or question of right or of the wrongs committed in their campaigns of conquest.

Writers, ancient and modern, have dedicated poems to liberty.

Orators whose utterances are as imperishable as the song and story of their fellows have undertaken to awaken the public conscience to liberty.

But we stand to-day in the presence of all that is mortal of one whom history records no epic writing, no soul-stirring oration and yet one who acted and in a time that tried men's souls and who well deserves his place in the temple of fame.

In the city of Boston, in Massachusetts, there stands to-day upon the corner of two narrow, noisy, busy streets, an ancient meeting house of reddish brick with its white wooden steeple greeting the morning sun.

And there it stood upon a December day in 1773.

If we could in fancy go to that old church upon that day we would have found its high-backed boxed pews and tiny gallery filled with a silent but tense and expectant assemblage awaiting in public meeting the return of the committee sent to protest the oppressive taxation, in which they had been given no voice.

Samuel Adams, James Hancock, James Otis, Paul Revere, the immortal Prescott and their townsmen were there.

Suddenly but silently a messenger entered the church and faced and addressed the chair: "All has been done that can be done," he said.

The silence of the moment following rested oppressively upon the gathering. No word was spoken as the gathering realized the tremendous import of the brief report.

Suddenly and with startling effect the heavy silence was broken by the Indian war cry and a small band of nature men silently filed out from the gallery of the church, and down the narrow, winding way at the side of the house of worship and passed down to the water's edge.

Embarking they rowed to the ships, and gave to the sea their chests of tea from which King George expected through taxation to increase his store of wealth.

Otis had argued the bill of rights before the English crown in eloquence such as only he possessed. But the eloquence had fallen on deaf, unheeding ears.

Petition had been denied.

Only overt act remained.

The twelve other American colonies with one accord declared that the cause of the Massachusetts colony was their common cause and that together they would answer to the issue so raised.

We stand to-day at the grave of the last survivor of that little band of the sons of liberty, David Kennison.

History awards to him no place in the oratory of his time, no epic on liberty appears to have emanated from his pen.

This tablet records the fact that he far exceeded in years the Biblical limit of years of usefulness.

He must have been thirty-seven years of age in the day of this big event, the Boston Tea Party.

He was then of mature age and judgment and knew the risk and the cost of failure. Yet he went on with his fellows—he gave to tyranny and oppression his answer.

No word of mouth, no written line could have driven into the brain of

monarchy the light that it received from these unlettered patriots of whom David Kennison was one.

His was the mute protest of the soul struggling to show its agony. His was the cry for liberty answerable from the crown only by recourse to the sword.

Not two years thereafter at Concord "was fired the shot heard round the world." A century and more has passed—it echoes yet.

David Kennison and his band of the Sons of Liberty, disguised as Indians to better keep their identity from the king's men, made possible the firing of that shot.

We, the members of the Improved Order of Red Men, half a million strong, successors to the Sons of Liberty, of Tamina and Red Men societies of colonial and revolutionary days, place this wreath and our common flag upon the resting place of our brother.

We honor the memory of this man of the people, and as American citizens we pay our tribute to his worth.

May his long and useful life, his sterling courage in the hour of trial and his example prove an inspiration to the men in the ranks in this and future ages.

May the memory of him prompt us to do the right thing at the right time regardless of consequence.

We of the Improved Order of Red Men have adopted the tenets of the Sons of Liberty of revolutionary days, freedom and friendship, and our freedom rings as true as did the cry for liberty in the younger days of David Kennison.

And we have charity.

If, as the primitive Red Men fully believe, the soul of the departed can return from the Land of Ponemah, the happy hunting ground of the Great Spirit, and mingle with its friends of earth, may the spirit of David Kennison realize the sincerity of our simple tribute and commend our act.—The Insignia.

Disappointed Bachelors

?

The big time to-night.

\$3,340,000 ANNUALLY SPENT FOR PAINT IN CALIFORNIA

The paint industry is one of the largest industries in the United States. Not only is paint manufactured in this country for consumption here, but large quantities are shipped abroad.

In proportion to the population, California is one of the largest consumers of paint. California is a new and great state. Building is active and when buildings are built, they must be painted.

The statistics show that \$3,340,000 are annually spent by Californians for paint. There are a number of large paint manufacturers within the state who manufacture paint especially suited for California climatic and other conditions, which are peculiar to this section of the country.

Yet strange as it may seem, \$2,500,000 are spent for eastern-made paint every year—spent for paint that is not nearly so well suited for the uses to which it is put.

California paint manufacturers annually pay for labor approximately \$100,000. If even half of the \$3,340,000 was spent for California-made paint, just think for a moment the many additional people this money would keep at work.

These people would need all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, and would make more business not only for the paint manufacturers themselves, but for the merchant, farmer and other manufacturers.

To be prosperous, California must keep in circulation, within the state, as much money as possible. Do your share by buying California-made paints. Whenever you are in need of a commodity which is made in California, always buy the home product, price, quality and service being equal to that of the eastern manufacturer.

Precious in Spots.

Bobby—Do I have to go to school, mother?

Mother—Of course, Bobby.

Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.

Like strength is felt from hope and from despair.—Homer.

RAINFALL IN THIS CITY.

The data of rainfall in this city kept by G. W. Holston, local Southern Pacific agent, for this season to date is as follows:

Date.	Inches.
November 8 and 9.....	1.15
November 16.....	.15
December 2.....	1.95
December 3.....	3.00
December 13.....	2.70
December 14.....	1.30
December 17.....	.30

Total for season to date..... 10.55
Total to December 18, 1914... 6.41

CONGRESSMAN HAYES INTRODUCES BILLS

Two bills were introduced in the lower house of congress Thursday by Congressman E. A. Hayes. One bill proposes a constitutional amendment which would change the terms of representatives in congress from two to four years. The other bill asks for the appropriation of \$40,788 for payment of claims growing out of the Indian wars in California prior to 1854.

FORMER COUNTY RECORDER DEPARTS FOR HONOLULU

Harold O. Heiner, former county recorder, and Bart Hodge and Luke Nolan have sailed for Honolulu, where they will remain for some time. The men decided that they would work their way to the islands and Heiner shipped as assistant quartermaster. Hodge and Nolan secured positions as assistant machinists.

A Good Actor.

"Hamlet is out of a job. You remember that fellow who used to play the part of a butler so well?"

"I remember him. He was remarkably good. I should think he could get a job as a real butler."

ARREST OF JESUS WAS ILLEGAL BY ROMAN LAW

In a Roman tribunal, writes Charles A. Hawley in the December Case and Comment, where the law required that the accused should be confronted with witnesses, Jesus, repeatedly adjudged innocent, without testimony, upon a charge not supported by a single witness, was handed over to the death of the cross by a judge who, even in the act of pronouncing judgment, dramatically washed his hands of the innocent blood he was about to shed. Jesus went to the cross, not because the Jewish council had convicted Him of blasphemy, not because He was disloyal to Caesar, not because of anything charged against Him in either court, but because of the unmanly fears of an ambitious and unscrupulous politician. Thus it was that "Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The arrest of Jesus was illegal, His examination before Anas and Caiphas in the night, and conducted by questions addressed to Him, were unlawful. The Sanhedrim was a lawful court, and had jurisdiction of the offense of blasphemy under the Jewish code; but the trial therein violated many of the provisions of the law. Jesus was convicted at a court illegally held, upon His own testimony illegally obtained by judges so hostile that they had no right to sit. He was brought before the Roman tribunal upon a totally different charge, and there, having been repeatedly acquitted, after judgment of scourging had been executed upon Him, was thereafter illegally condemned.

And thus the Jewish council, the Roman tribunal—under two great systems of jurisprudence which have long been the admiration of the world—were prostituted to bring about a judicial murder.

Disappointed Bachelors

?

The big time to-night.

Holiday Excursion Fares

For CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S

Sale Dates

CHRISTMAS—Dec. 23, 24, 25

Return Limit Jan. 3

NEW YEAR'S—Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1

Return Limit Jan. 3

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